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MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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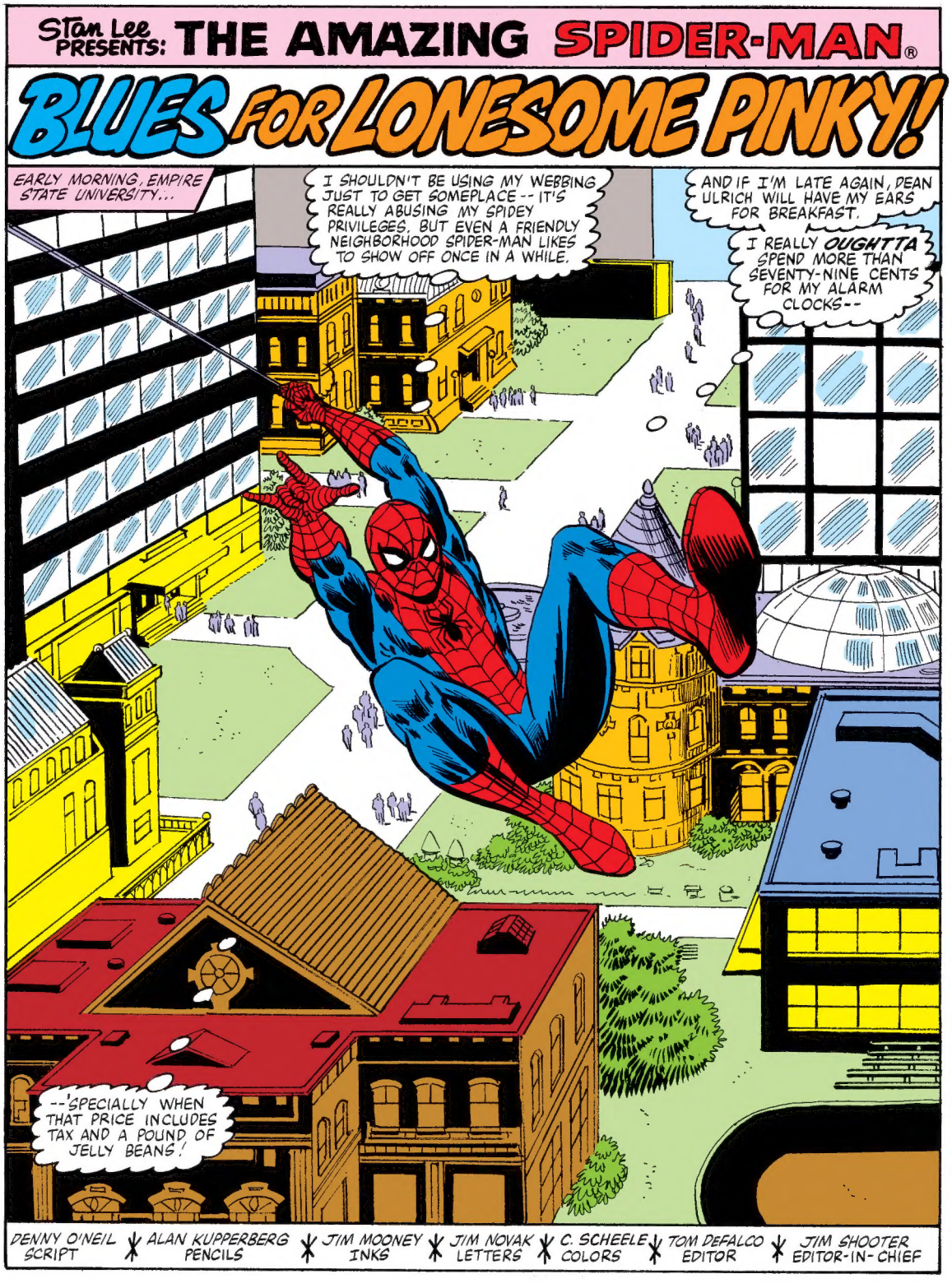
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
TM
CRISIS ON CAMPUS!
THE RAGE OF RAMROD!



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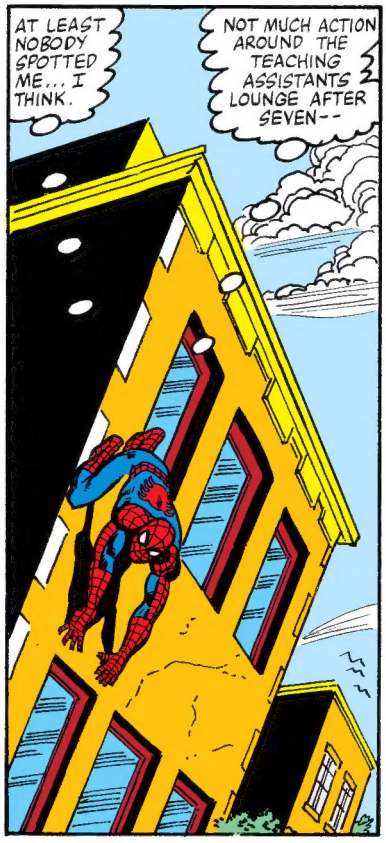
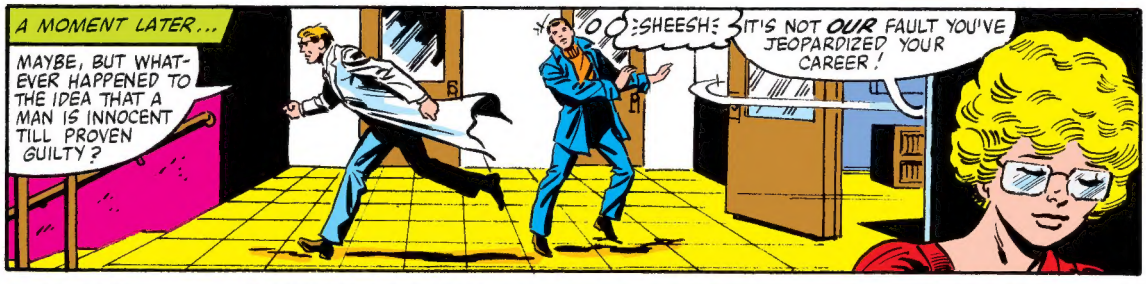
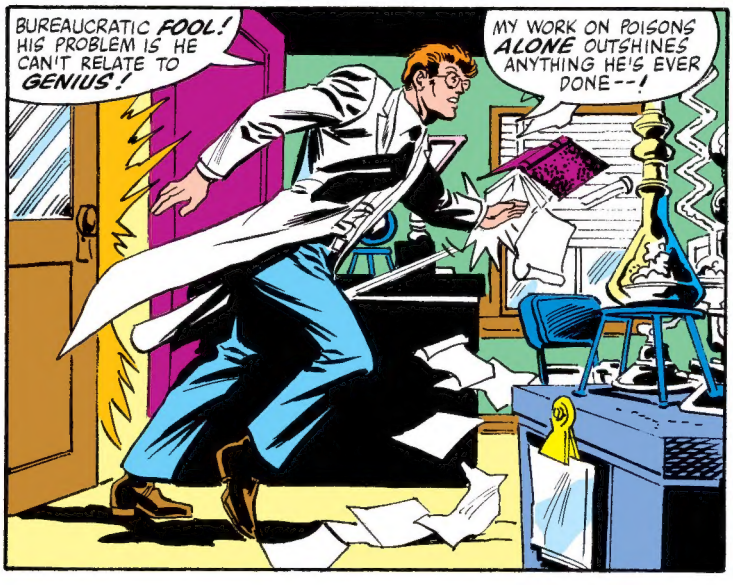

AT LEAST NOBODY SPOTTED ME... I THINK.
NOT MUCH ACTION AROUND THE TEACHING ASSISTANTS LOUNGE AFTER SEVEN--

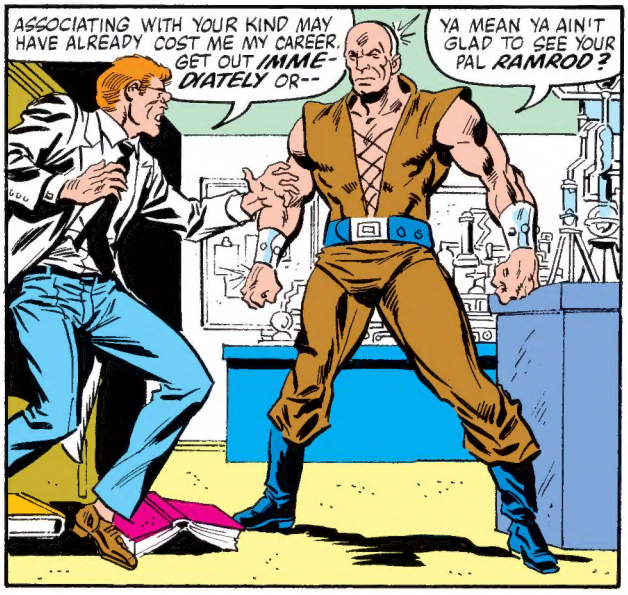
--WHICH IS PROBABLY WHY THE DEAN WANTED TO SEE PETER PARKER AT THIS TIME.
SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING'S ALREADY STARTED--
OKAY, ULRICH, BUT TELL ME WHY!

YOU KNOW I'M THE BEST BIOCHEMIST IN THE DEPARTMENT. WHY WON'T YOU GIVE ME A PROMOTION ?
DR. KISSICK! YOU'VE BEEN SEEN ASSOCIATING WITH UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS! THAT'S REASON ENOUGH!
CHAIRMAN BIOCHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT


A MOMENT LATER...
MAYBE, BUT WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE IDEA THAT A MAN IS INNOCENT TILL PROVEN GUILTY ?
SHEESH!
IT'S NOT OUR FAULT YOU'VE JEOPARDIZED YOUR CAREER !

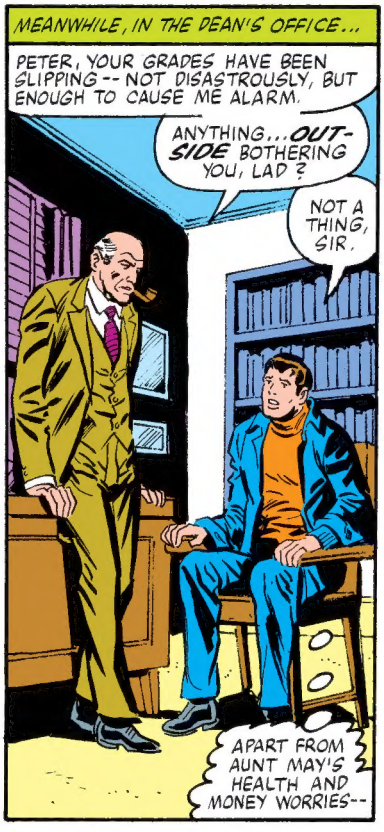

BUREAUCRATIC FOOL! HIS PROBLEM IS HE CAN'T RELATE TO GENIUS !
MY WORK ON POISONS ALONE OUTSHINES ANYTHING HE'S EVER DONE--!

SPEAKIN' OF POISONS...
YOU!


ASSOCIATING WITH YOUR KIND MAY HAVE ALREADY COST ME MY CAREER. GET OUT IMMEDIATELY OR--
YA MEAN YA AIN'T GLAD TO SEE YOUR PAL RAMROD?

WELL, YA BETTER BE--OR I MAKE HAMBURGER OF YOUR FACE.
YA HEARIN' ME, DOC?
Y-YES.

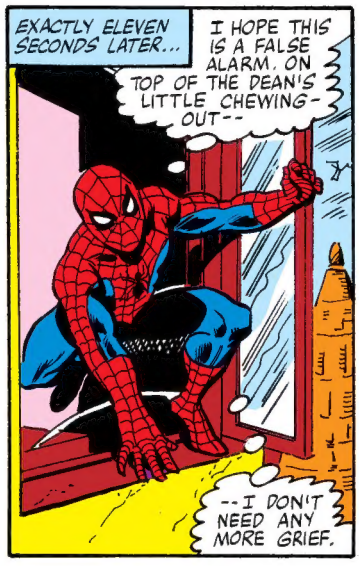
SWELL. NOW, I WANT YOU TO MIX ME UP SOMETHIN' POTENT--
--AND I WANT IT BY TOMORROW.
AND, DOC... SMILE!

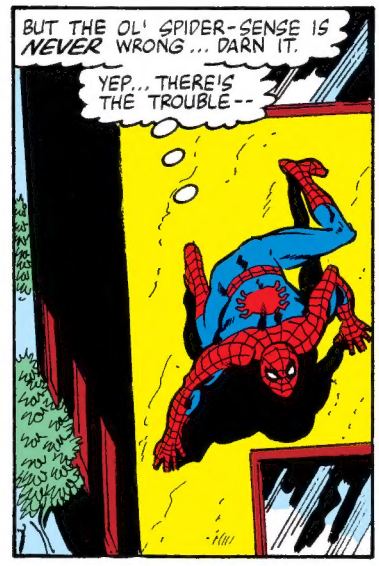

MEANWHILE, IN THE DEAN'S OFFICE...
PETER, YOUR GRADES HAVE BEEN SLIPPING -- NOT DISASTROUSLY, BUT ENOUGH TO CAUSE ME ALARM.
ANYTHING... OUTSIDE BOTHERING YOU, LAD?
NOT A THING, SIR.
APART FROM AUNT MAY'S HEALTH AND MONEY WORRIES--

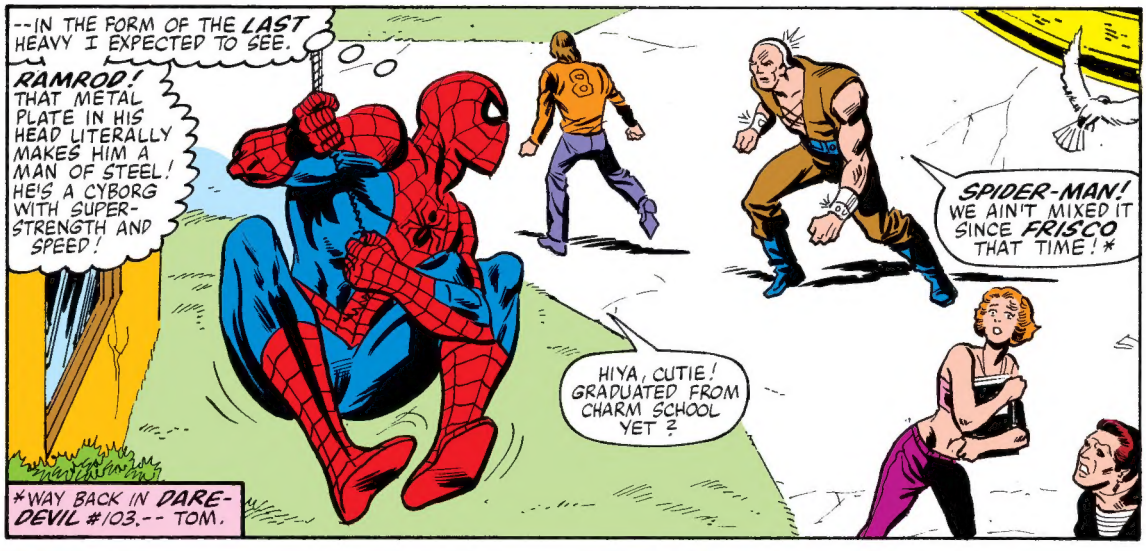
--HASSLES AT THE BUGLE AND NO STEADY GIRL FRIEND AND ALL THE BADDIES WHO WANT TO BASH ME INTO A GREASE SPOT...
JUST THOUGHT I'D HAVE THIS CHAT, LAD.

WE WOULDN'T WANT YOUR TEACHING ASSISTANT STATUS ENDANGERED, WOULD WE?
I'LL TRY TO DO BETTER, SIR.

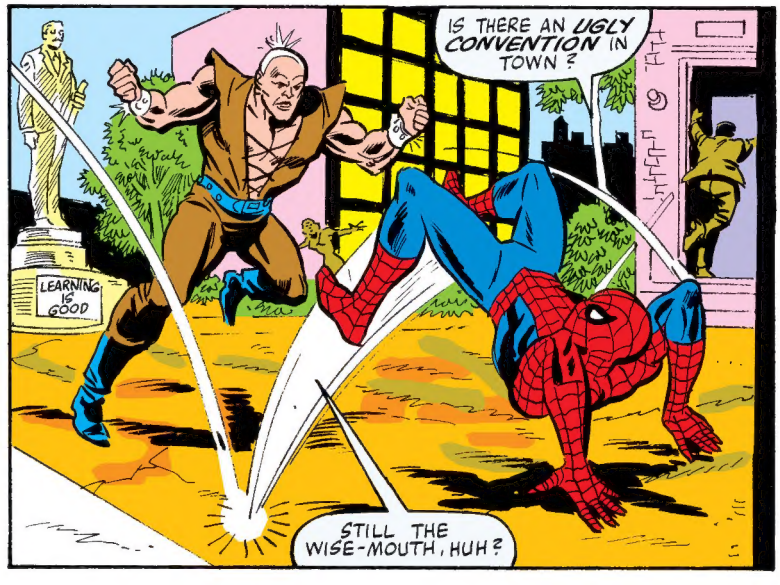
HUNH?
MY SPIDER-SENSE... BANGING LIKE A BRASS BAND FALLING DOWN STAIRS.


EXACTLY ELEVEN SECONDS LATER...
I HOPE THIS IS A FALSE ALARM. ON TOP OF THE DEAN'S LITTLE CHEWING-OUT--
--I DON'T NEED ANY MORE GRIEF.

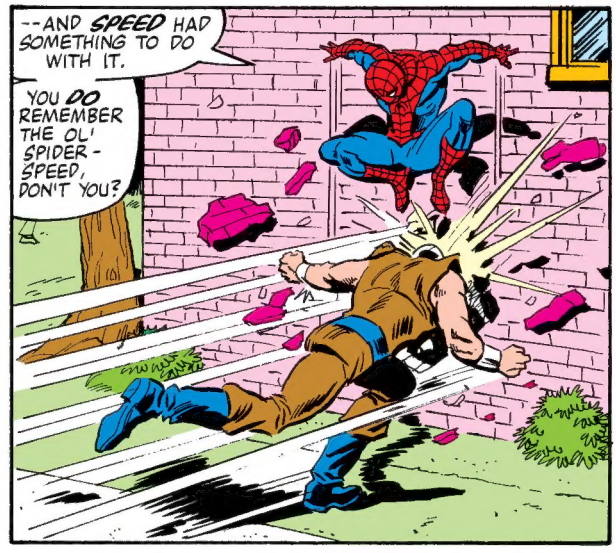

BUT THE OL' SPIDER-SENSE IS NEVER WRONG... DARN IT.
YEP... THERE'S THE TROUBLE--

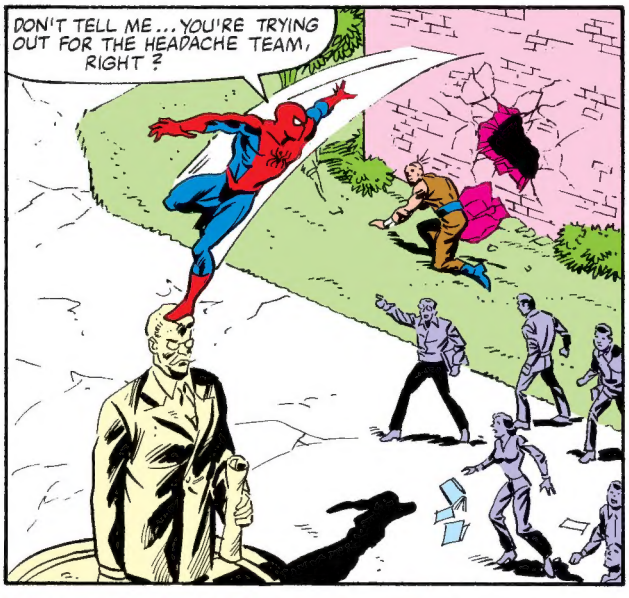

--IN THE FORM OF THE LAST HEAVY I EXPECTED TO SEE.
RAMROD! THAT METAL PLATE IN HIS HEAD LITERALLY MAKES HIM A MAN OF STEEL! HE'S A CYBORG WITH SUPER-STRENGTH AND SPEED!
SPIDER-MAN! WE AIN'T MIXED IT SINCE FRISCO THAT TIME!*
HIYA, CUTIE! GRADUATED FROM CHARM SCHOOL YET?
*WAY BACK IN DARE-DEVIL #103.-- TOM.

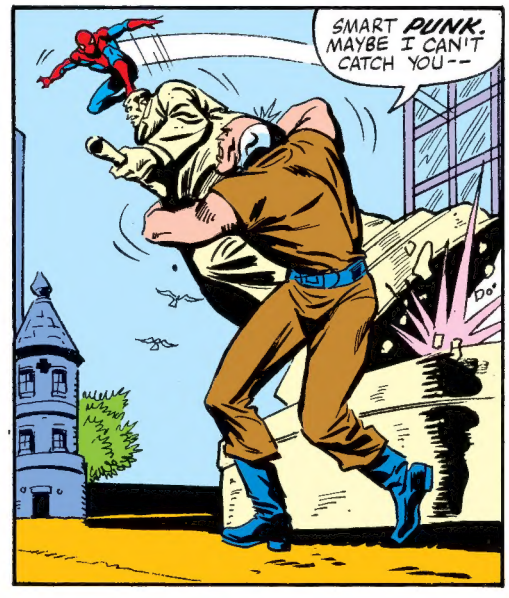
AW... YOU REMEMBERED.
WHAT BRINGS YOU TO NEW YORK--?

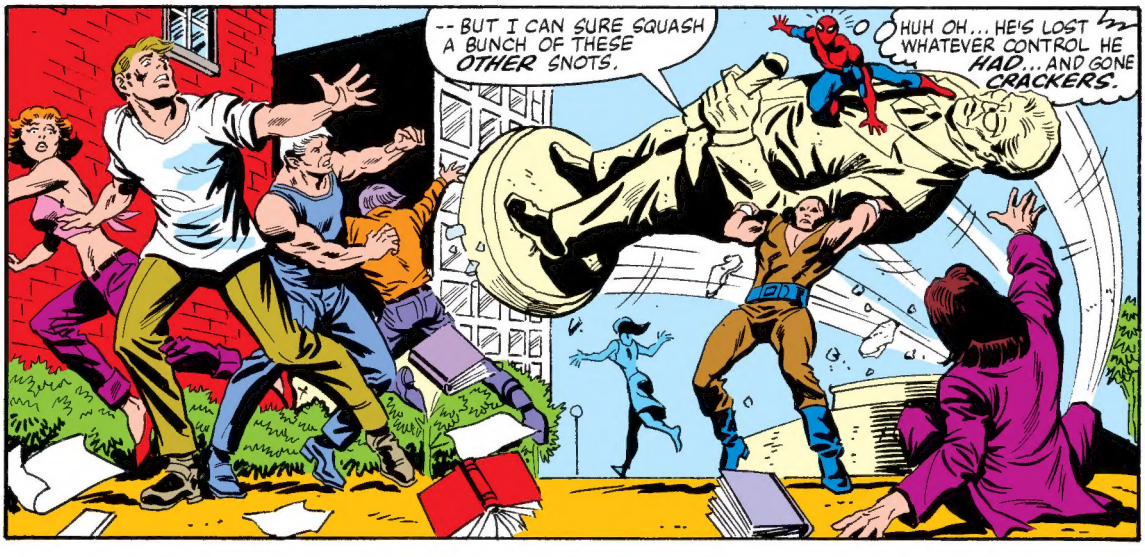

IS THERE AN UGLY CONVENTION IN TOWN?
LEARNING IS GOOD
STILL THE WISE-MOUTH, HUH?

ALWAYS BEFORE WHEN WE TANGLED, YA GOT LUCKY--OR YA HAD HELP. THAT'S HOW YA BEAT ME!
OH, I DUNNO... I'D LIKE TO THINK MY STRENGTH, SKILL--

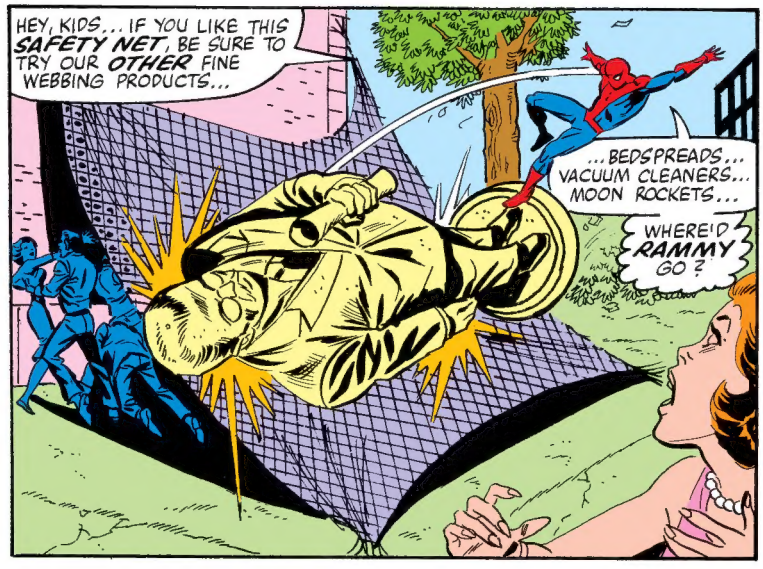

--AND SPEED HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.
YOU DO REMEMBER THE OL' SPIDER-SPEED, DON'T YOU?

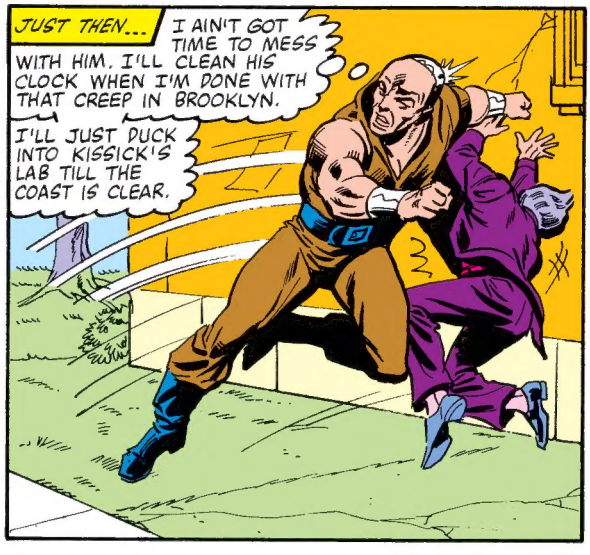

DON'T TELL ME... YOU'RE TRYING OUT FOR THE HEADACHE TEAM, RIGHT?


SMART PUNK. MAYBE I CAN'T CATCH YOU--


--BUT I CAN SURE SQUASH A BUNCH OF THESE OTHER SNOTS.
HUH OH... HE'S LOST WHATEVER CONTROL HE HAD... AND GONE CRACKERS.

I'D FORGOTTEN HIS BONE-DEEP MEANNESS... HIS UNREASONING HATRED!
MAYBE HE'S FORGOTTEN MY TRUSTY WEB-SHOOTERS--


HEY, KIDS... IF YOU LIKE THIS SAFETY NET, BE SURE TO TRY OUR OTHER FINE WEBBING PRODUCTS...
...BEDSPREADS... VACUUM CLEANERS... MOON ROCKETS...
WHERE'D RAMMY GO?

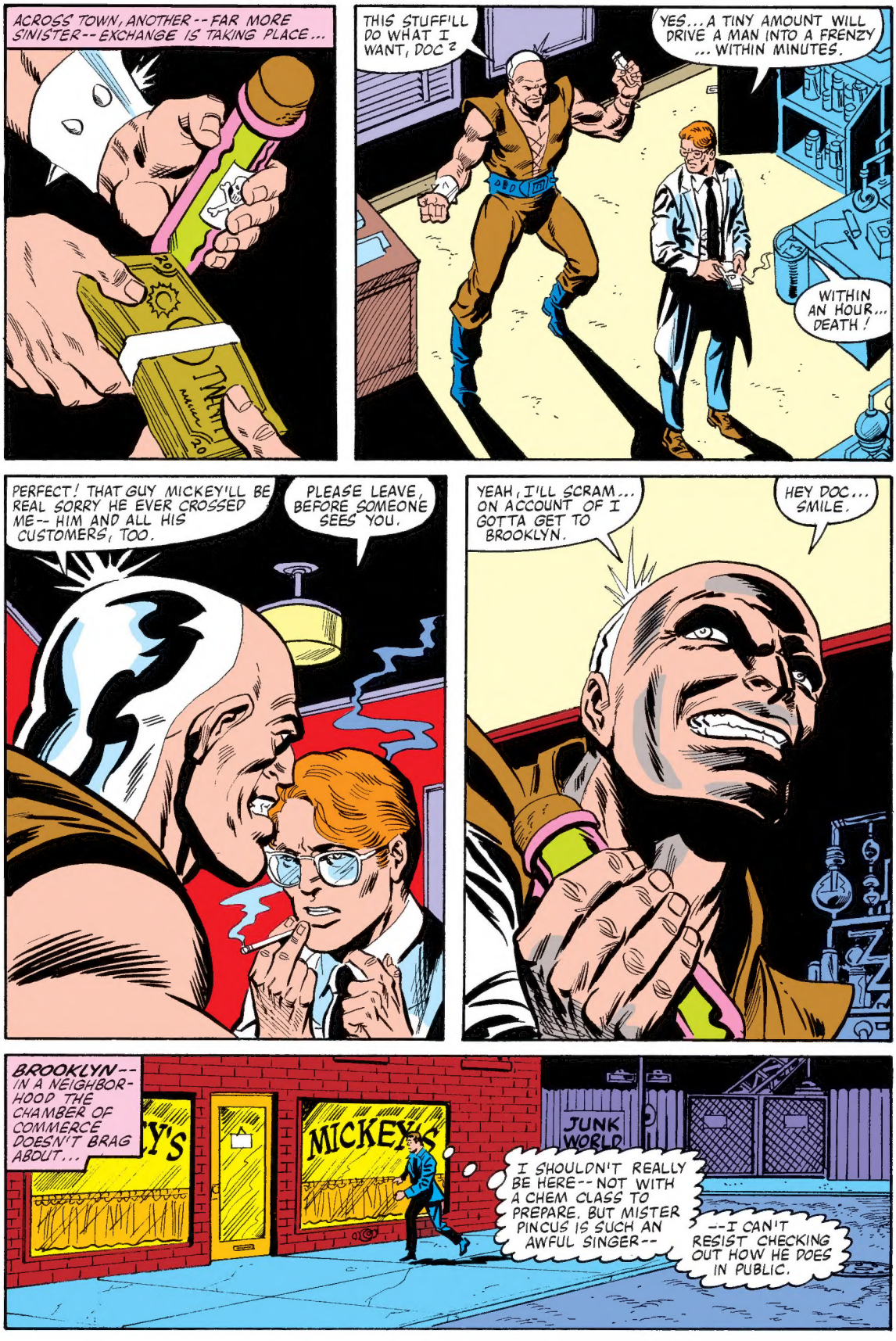

JUST THEN...
I AIN'T GOT TIME TO MESS WITH HIM. I'LL CLEAN HIS CLOCK WHEN I'M DONE WITH THAT CREEP IN BROOKLYN.
I'LL JUST DUCK INTO KISSICK'S LAB TILL THE COAST IS CLEAR.

NO SIGN OF HIM. HOW THE HECK DID HE GET AWAY SO FAST?
I DON'T HAVE THE ENERGY TO SEARCH THE CITY FOR HIM... ANYWAY, I HAVE A HUNCH HE'LL FIND ME!

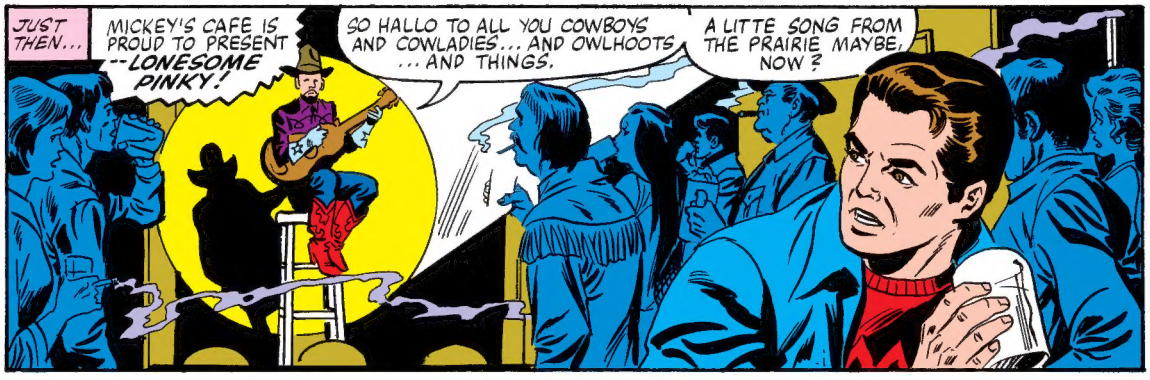
LATER, AT PETER'S APARTMENT BUILDING...
MISTER PINCUS!
HELLO, NEIGHBOR.

HOW'S THE SINGING CAREER COMING?
FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK. I GOT WHAT YOU CALL A "GIG" IN BROOKLYN TOMORROW NIGHT--

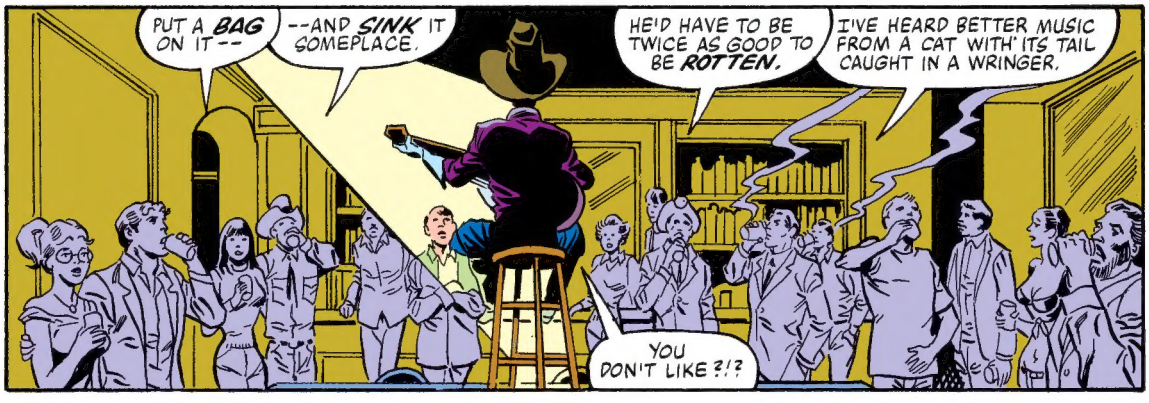
"--AND I WANT YOU SHOULD HAVE THIS FREE PASS."
UH, THANKS.

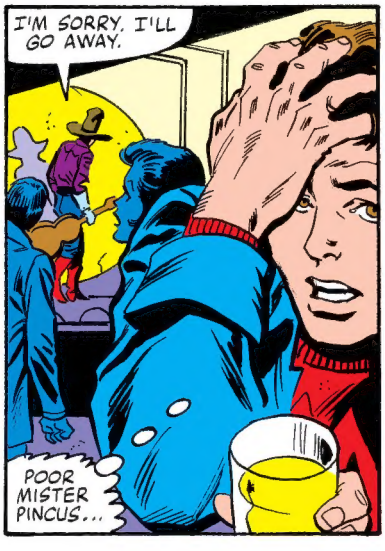

ACROSS TOWN, ANOTHER -- FAR MORE SINISTER -- EXCHANGE IS TAKING PLACE...
THIS STUFF'LL DO WHAT I WANT, DOC?
YES... A TINY AMOUNT WILL DRIVE A MAN INTO A FRENZY ... WITHIN MINUTES.
WITHIN AN HOUR... DEATH!
PERFECT! THAT GUY MICKEY'LL BE REAL SORRY HE EVER CROSSED ME -- HIM AND ALL HIS CUSTOMERS, TOO.
PLEASE LEAVE, BEFORE SOMEONE SEES YOU.
YEAH, I'LL SCRAM... ON ACCOUNT OF I GOTTA GET TO BROOKLYN.
HEY DOC... SMILE.
BROOKLYN -- IN A NEIGHBORHOOD THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DOESN'T BRAG ABOUT...
MICKEY'S
JUNK WORLD
I SHOULDN'T REALLY BE HERE -- NOT WITH A CHEM CLASS TO PREPARE. BUT MISTER PINCUS IS SUCH AN AWFUL SINGER --
-- I CAN'T RESIST CHECKING OUT HOW HE DOES IN PUBLIC.

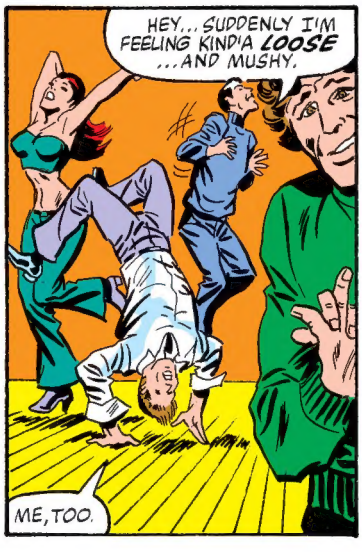
INSIDE THE SMOKY, NOISY ROOM, PETER IS SURPRISED TO MEET--
BIF RIFKIN AND DEBBIE WHITMAN! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU IN A COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN CLUB!
I FIND RURAL MUSIC SO... ETHNIC, DON'T YOU, PETEY-O?
ER, HELLO, PETER.
BARKEEP, TWO OF YOUR FINEST.
POOR PETER! HE LOOKED SO LOST-- SO LONELY...
SHORE THING, PARDNER.
I REALLY LIKE HIM, BUT HE NEVER SEEMS TO HAVE TIME FOR ME. BIFF DOES.
SLURRPP
LISSEN UP, Y'ALL. HOMBRE DOWN THAR SAYS HE'S A'BUYIN'--
--FREE BEER!
WHOOPPEE-TI-YI-YI.
SPIDER-SENSE-- REACTING TO THE BEER-- TELLING ME WHAT'S IN THAT GLASS IS A NO-NO!
I'LL PASS.
TENDERFOOT, HUH?

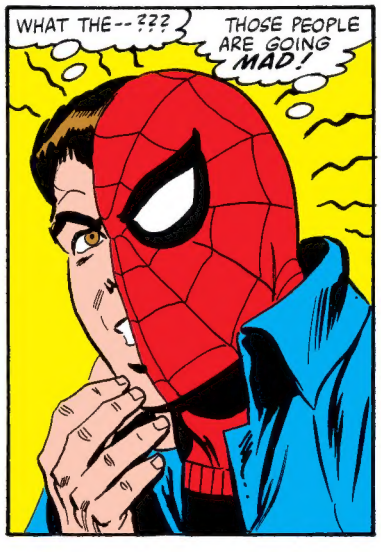

JUST THEN...
MICKEY'S CAFE IS PROUD TO PRESENT --LONESOME PINKY!
SO HALLO TO ALL YOU COWBOYS AND COWLADIES... AND OWLHOOTS ... AND THINGS.
A LITTE SONG FROM THE PRAIRIE MAYBE, NOW?

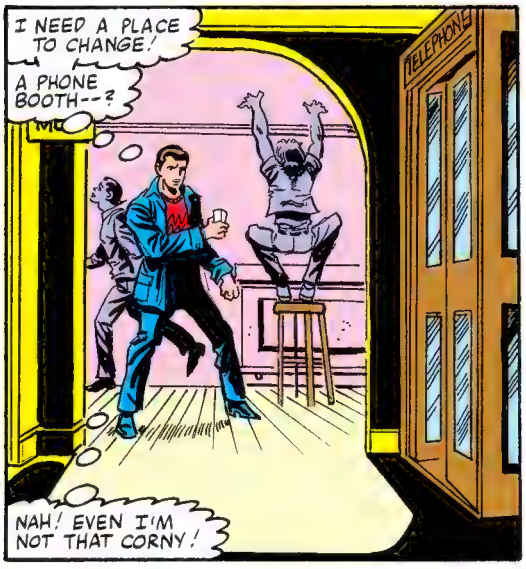
♪ OH THEY WOULDN'T LET ME RIDE THE RANGE CAUSE I HAD A BAD CASE OF THE MANGE ♪
THAT'S WHY I'M SINGING THESE HONKY TONK BLUES AND ALSO MINDING MY P'S AND Q'S ♫

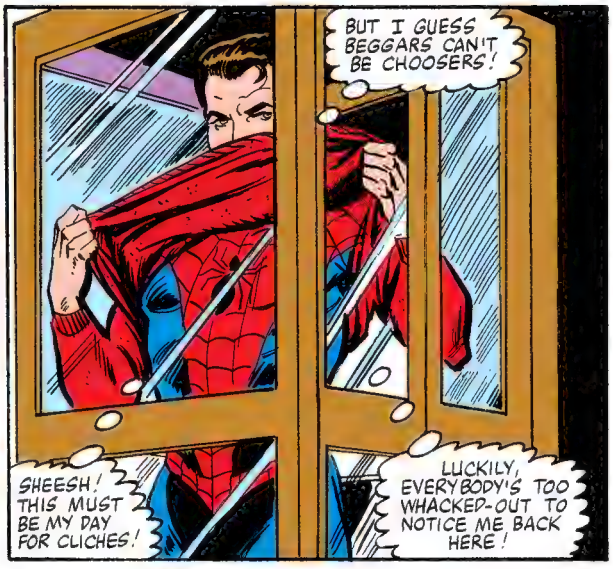

PUT A BAG ON IT --
--AND SINK IT SOMEPLACE.
HE'D HAVE TO BE TWICE AS GOOD TO BE ROTTEN.
I'VE HEARD BETTER MUSIC FROM A CAT WITH ITS TAIL CAUGHT IN A WRINGER.
YOU DON'T LIKE ?!?


I'M SORRY. I'LL GO AWAY.
POOR MISTER PINCUS...


HEY... SUDDENLY I'M FEELING KIND'A LOOSE ...AND MUSHY.
ME, TOO.

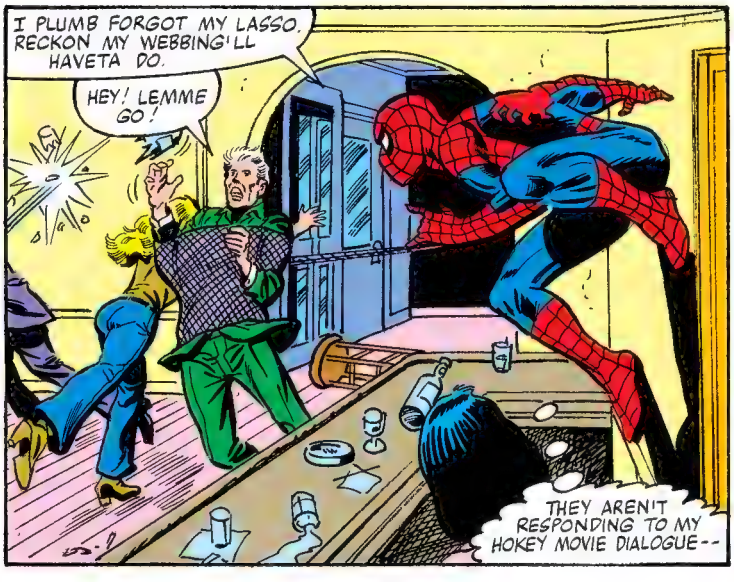

WHAT THE--???
THOSE PEOPLE ARE GOING MAD!

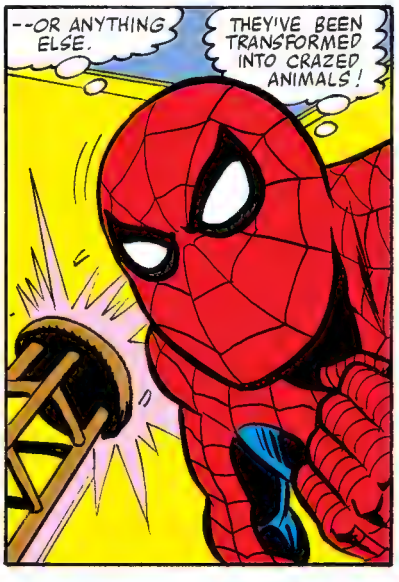

I NEED A PLACE TO CHANGE!
A PHONE BOOTH--?
TELEPHONE
NAH! EVEN I'M NOT THAT CORNY!

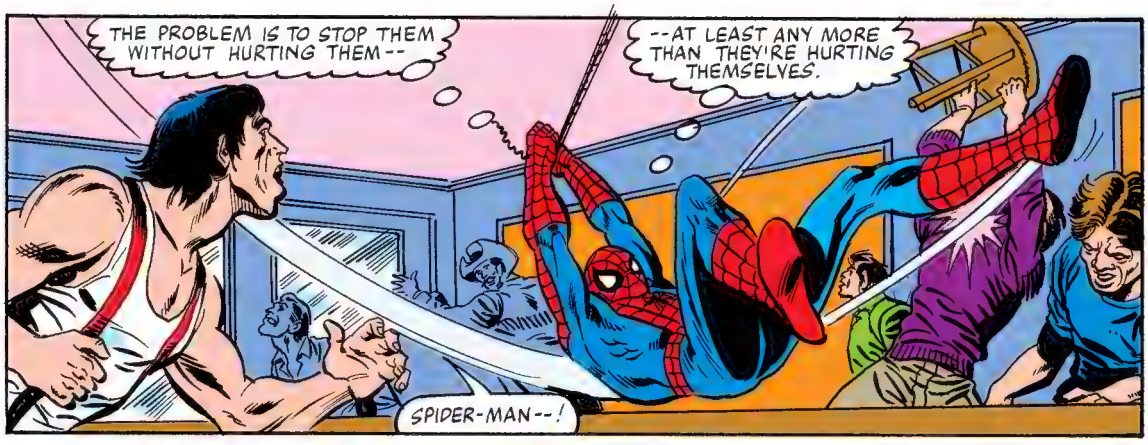

BUT I GUESS BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS!
SHEESH! THIS MUST BE MY DAY FOR CLICHES!
LUCKILY, EVERYBODY'S TOO WHACKED-OUT TO NOTICE ME BACK HERE!

THEN...
HOWDY, FOLKS! IT'S OL' SAGE-BRUSH SPIDEY-- COME TO RESTORE THE PEACE.

HEY, PARD, THAT AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY--
--ASSUMING THAT'S WHAT SHE IS.


I PLUMB FORGOT MY LASSO. RECKON MY WEBBING'LL HAVETA DO.
HEY! LEMME GO!
THEY AREN'T RESPONDING TO MY HOKEY MOVIE DIALOGUE--

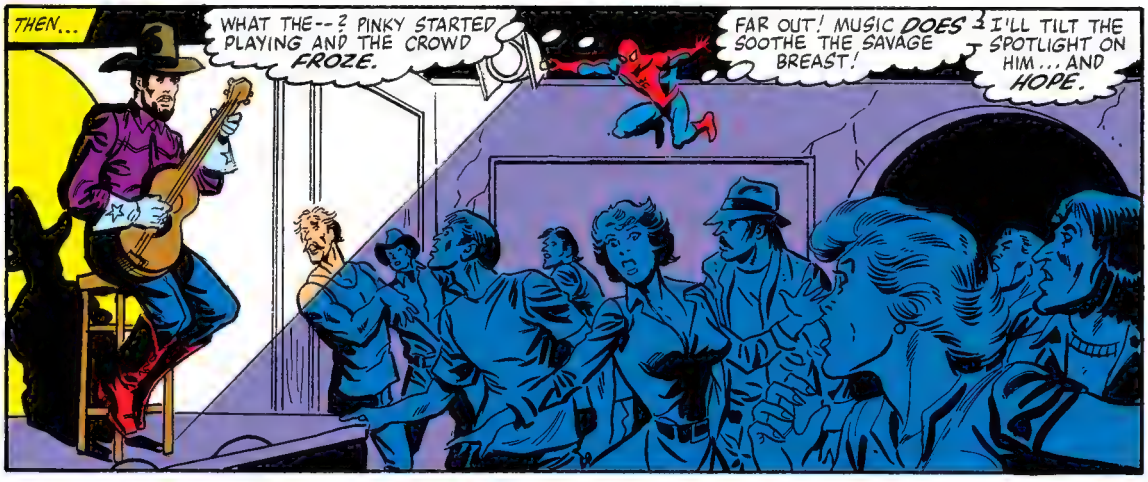

--OR ANYTHING ELSE.
THEY'VE BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO CRAZED ANIMALS!


THE PROBLEM IS TO STOP THEM WITHOUT HURTING THEM--
--AT LEAST ANY MORE THAN THEY'RE HURTING THEMSELVES.
SPIDER-MAN--!

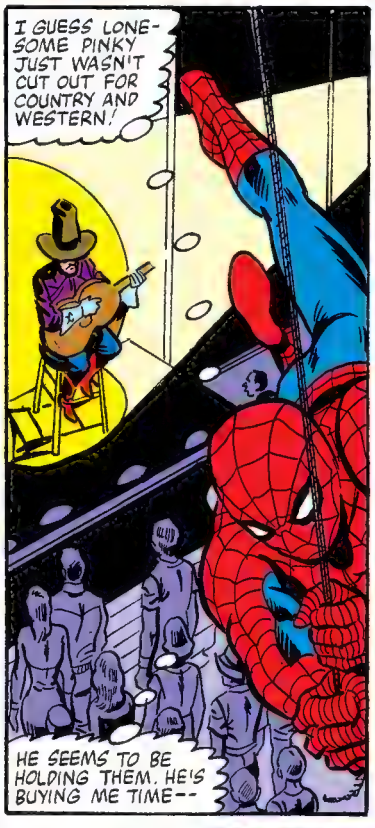
WEB-SWINGER, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU CAME FROM-- BUT YOU GOTTA HELP ME, MAN!
THEY'RE GONNA WRECK MY PLACE --PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS!
THE BARKEEP AND I SEEM TO BE THE ONLY ONES IN THE PLACE WHO'VE REMAINED SANE! BUT WHY--?

NOT THE ONLY ONES, SPIDEY...
WHAT IS HAPPENING? I HEARD SO MUCH NOISE!
MEN
GET OUT HERE.

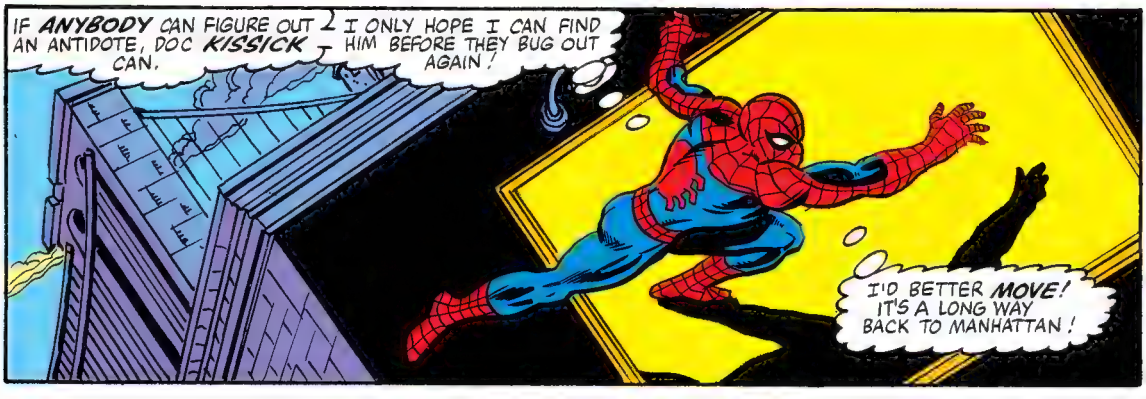
I'M SORRY FOR BEFORE! I WAS SO TERRIBLE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY ME...
NEVER MIND THAT NOW!
DO SOMETHING, MAN! SING... PLAY... ANYTHING TO HELP QUIET DOWN THIS CROWD!


THEN...
WHAT THE--? PINKY STARTED PLAYING AND THE CROWD FROZE.
FAR OUT! MUSIC DOES SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST!
I'LL TILT THE SPOTLIGHT ON HIM... AND HOPE.

THE SONG IS DIFFERENT. IT IS NOT OF PLAINS AND PRAIRIES. NO... IT IS OF HATE-FILLED VOICES SHRIEKING IN TENEMENT HALLS--OF THE HOSTILE STARES OF LONELY STRANGERS--AND OF STANDING ALONE ON A STREET CORNER ON THE COLDEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR...
IT IS PLAINTIVE AND PAINED AND QUITE BEAUTIFUL...


I GUESS LONESOME PINKY JUST WASN'T CUT OUT FOR COUNTRY AND WESTERN!
HE SEEMS TO BE HOLDING THEM. HE'S BUYING ME TIME--

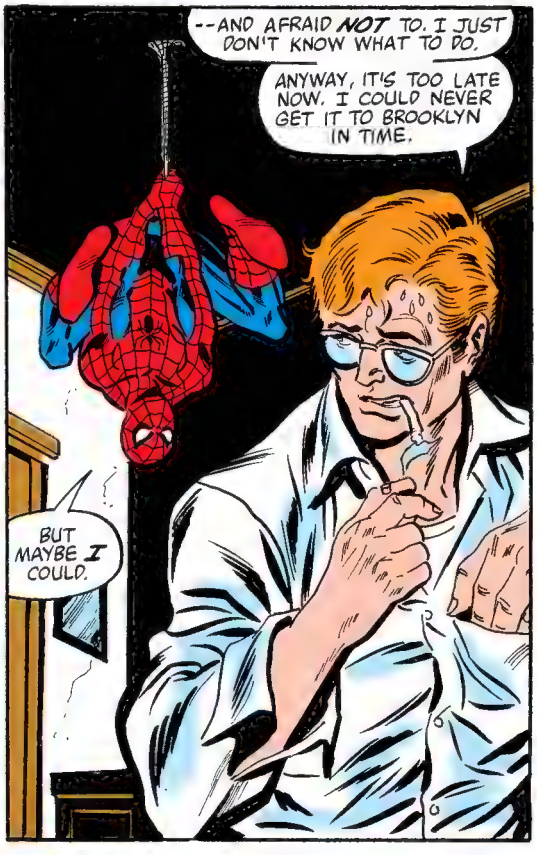
--TO SEE THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT KNOW WHAT FREAKED THOSE PEOPLE... AND HOW TO CURE THEM!

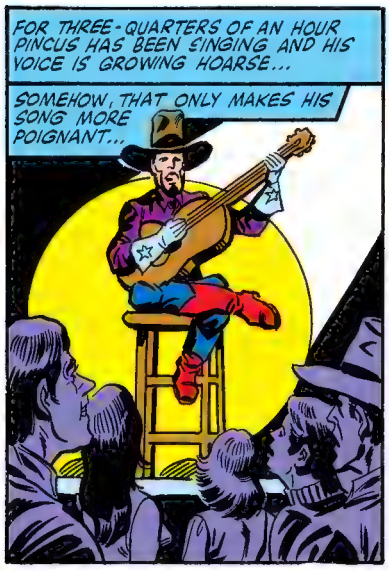

IF ANYBODY CAN FIGURE OUT AN ANTIDOTE, DOC KISSICK CAN.
I ONLY HOPE I CAN FIND HIM BEFORE THEY BUG OUT AGAIN!
I'D BETTER MOVE! IT'S A LONG WAY BACK TO MANHATTAN!

IT IS, BUT HE'S FAST, AND SO...
I HOPE KISSICK'S NOT OUT ON THE TOWN...
NO! THERE'S A LIGHT IN HIS WINDOW!

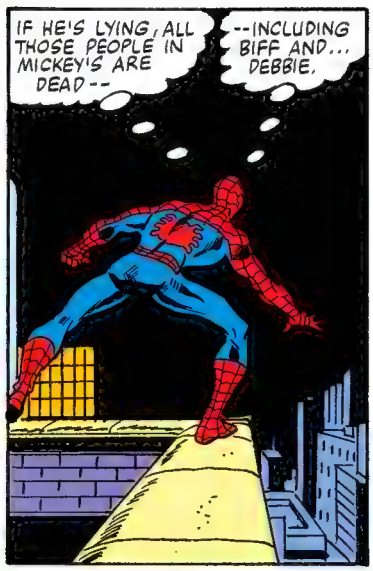
HIYA, DOC. I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT A CERTAIN DRUG...
SPIDER-MAN! HERE-- ??? I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND ME, BUT IT--IT WASN'T MY FAULT. HE FORCED ME TO DO IT--!
HOO-BOY. HE'S BABBLING. SOUNDS LIKE A BAD CASE OF GUILTY CONSCIENCE.
DO GO ON.

FORCED YOU TO DO WHAT?
SUPPLY THE POISON... A POWERFUL HALLUCINOGENIC THAT'S FATAL WITHIN NINETY MINUTES.
I'VE PREPARED AN ANTIDOTE AT THE UNIVERSITY LAB, BUT I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO USE IT--


--AND AFRAID NOT TO. I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
ANYWAY, IT'S TOO LATE NOW. I COULD NEVER GET IT TO BROOKLYN IN TIME.
BUT MAYBE I COULD.


FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR PINCUS HAS BEEN SINGING AND HIS VOICE IS GROWING HOARSE...
SOMEHOW, THAT ONLY MAKES HIS SONG MORE POIGNANT...

THERE IS, HOWEVER, NOTHING POIGNANT ABOUT SPIDEY'S DESPERATE JOURNEY TO EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY...
I WEBBED UP KISSICK AND LEFT HIM FOR THE POLICE.
HE SAID THE ANTIDOTE IS IN HIS LAB--!


IF HE'S LYING, ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN MICKEY'S ARE DEAD--
--INCLUDING BIFF AND... DEBBIE.

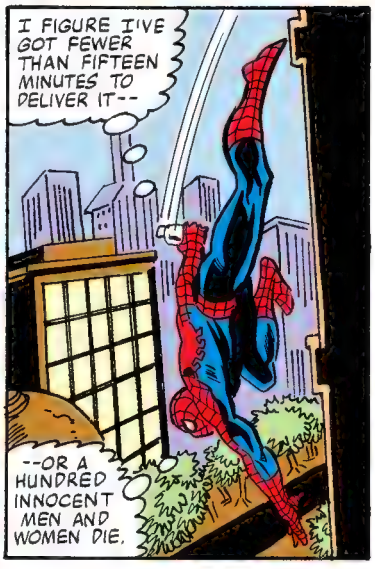
WONDER HOW PINKY'S DOING? IF HE STOPS SINGING, THOSE PEOPLE WILL SCATTER INTO THE CITY... AND I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SAVE THEM.

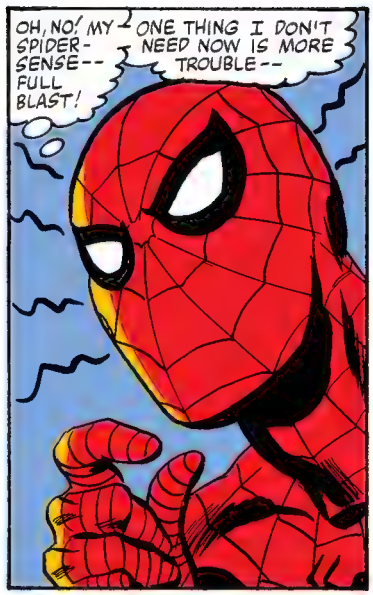
AFRAID TO STEP INTO A ROOM ♪ AND FIND WHAT ISN'T THERE ♫
VERY HOARSE NOW...

MADE IT! NOW, IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE RIGHT BOTTLE...

AFRAID TO TOUCH SOME LONELY THING ♫ LEFT BY ONE WHO ♪ DOESN'T CARE
VERY, VERY HOARSE...

BINGO! THIS IS IT... PROBABLY THE MOST PRECIOUS OBJECT I'VE EVER HELD!


I FIGURE I'VE GOT FEWER THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES TO DELIVER IT--
--OR A HUNDRED INNOCENT MEN AND WOMEN DIE.



--BUT I GUESS I GOTTA HANDLE IT!

THE VIAL OF ANTIDOTE WILL KEEP ON THE ROOF WHILE I DEAL WITH THIS JERK!

SPIDER-MAN! I MIGHTA KNOWN A PUNK LIKE YOU WOULD TRY AND SPOIL MY REVENGE!

SO! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO POISONED THE CROWD INSIDE!

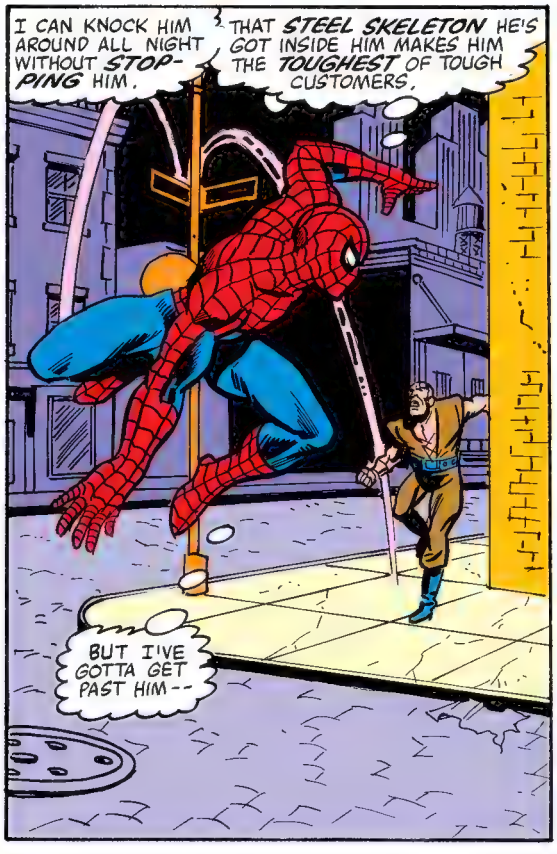
IT WASN'T RONALD REAGAN, CHUMP.

'SIDES, ALL THEM PUNKS DESERVE IT FOR SUPPORTIN' THAT CRUDDY EXCUSE FOR REAL ***COUNTRY MUSIC!***

I ***TOLD*** THE OWNER HIMSELF WHERE HE COULD FIND A ***REAL*** COUNTRY SINGER-- BUT TH' BUM WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE ME AN ***AUDITION!***

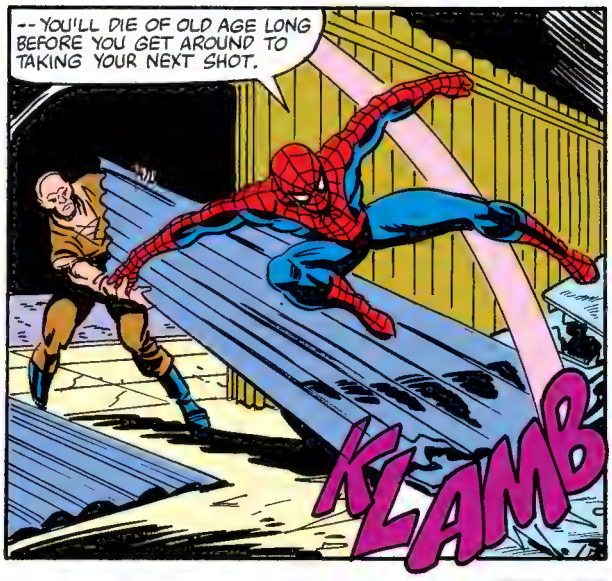
WHEN IT COMES TO GRUDGES, THIS GUY TAKES THE FRUIT-CAKE!
I'VE HEARD OF TELEGRAPHING PUNCHES, BUT THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN ONE SENT BY MAIL--
--FOURTH CLASS MAIL!
KCHAK

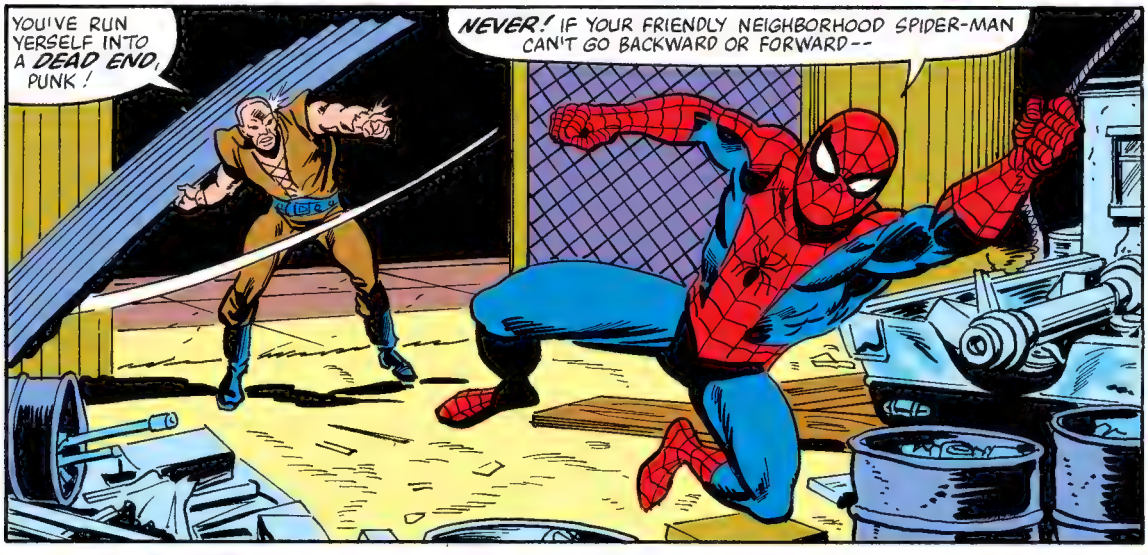
AND IF YOU EXPECT ME TO ASK IF THIS IS HOW YOU GET YOUR KICKS...
FORGET IT!

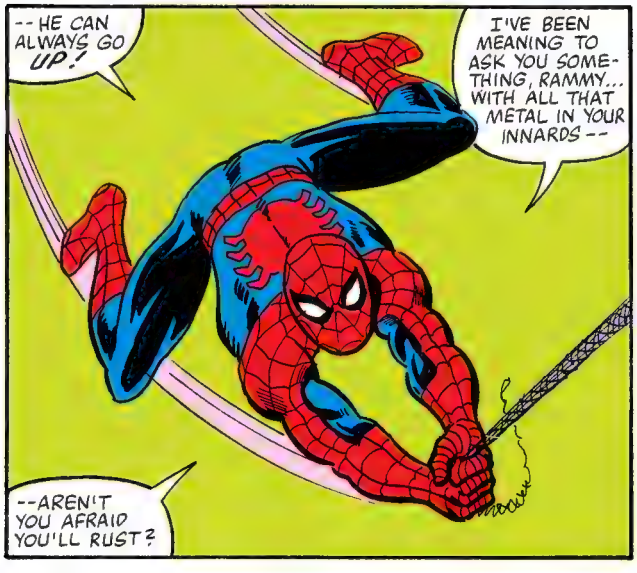

I CAN KNOCK HIM AROUND ALL NIGHT WITHOUT STOPPING HIM.
THAT STEEL SKELETON HE'S GOT INSIDE HIM MAKES HIM THE TOUGHEST OF TOUGH CUSTOMERS.
BUT I'VE GOTTA GET PAST HIM--

--AND I'VE GOTTA DO IT WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES--OR PEOPLE DIE!
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS JUNK YARD THAT'LL SERVE AS A WEAPON.
C'MON, RAMMY! WHY DON'T YOU SAVE US BOTH A LOT OF HASSLE ...AND GIVE UP?
JUNK WORLD
NAW... I'M GONNA MASH YA.

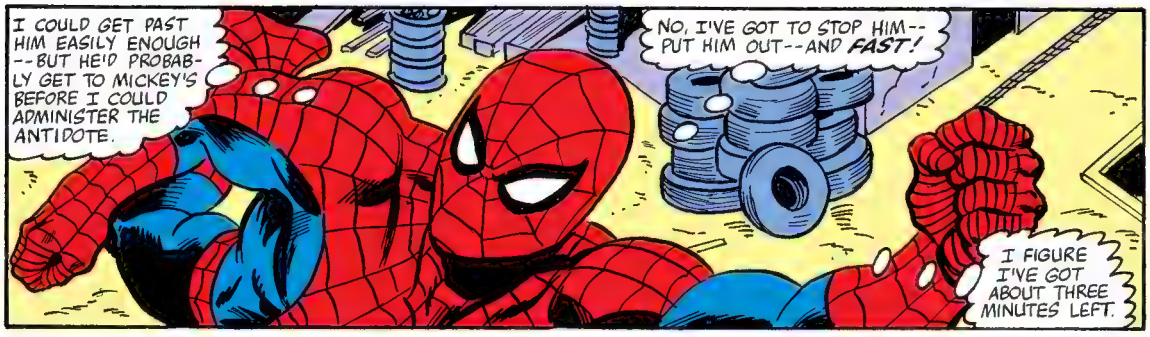
NO MATTER HOW FAST YOU ARE -- YA CAN'T AVOID ME FOREVER!
I WON'T HAVE TO --
BAM-AM-AM

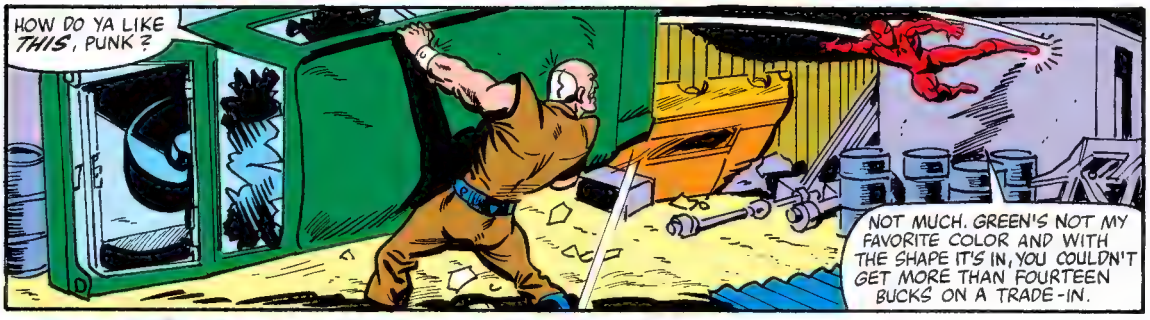

-- YOU'LL DIE OF OLD AGE LONG BEFORE YOU GET AROUND TO TAKING YOUR NEXT SHOT.
KLAMB

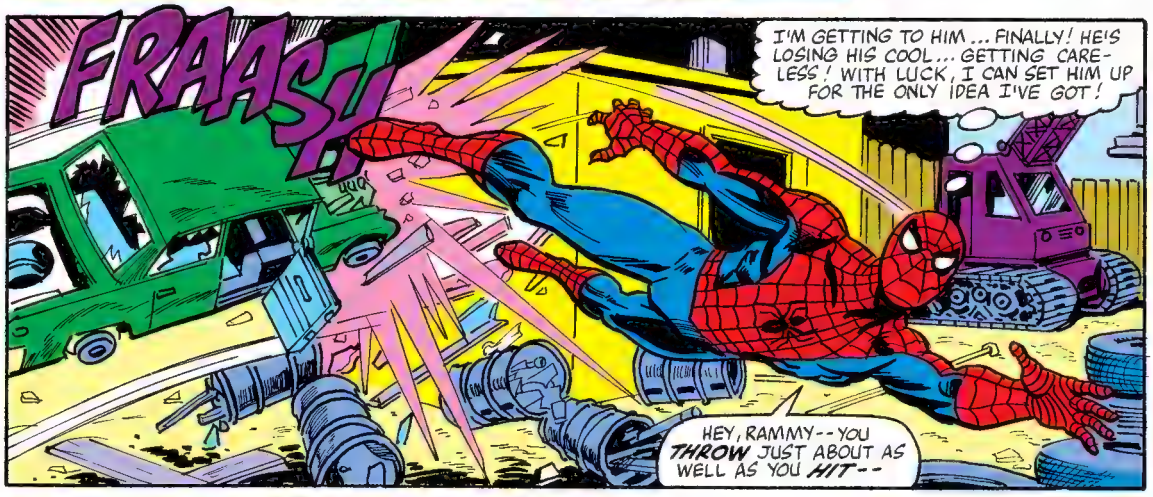

YOU'VE RUN YERSELF INTO A DEAD END, PUNK!
NEVER! IF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN CAN'T GO BACKWARD OR FORWARD --

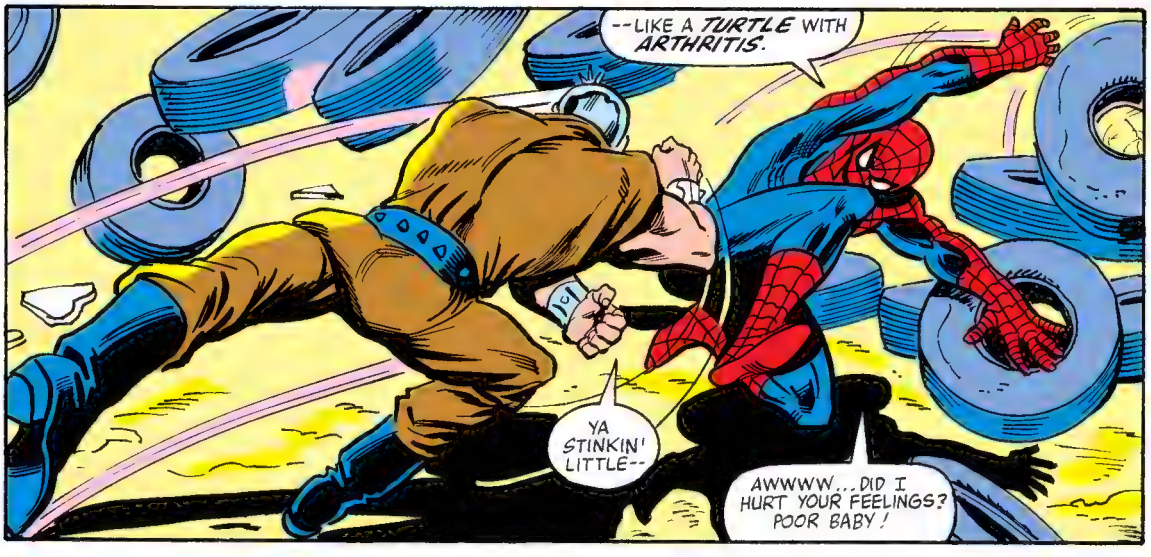

-- HE CAN ALWAYS GO UP!
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU SOMETHING, RAMMY... WITH ALL THAT METAL IN YOUR INNARDS --
--AREN'T YOU AFRAID YOU'LL RUST?

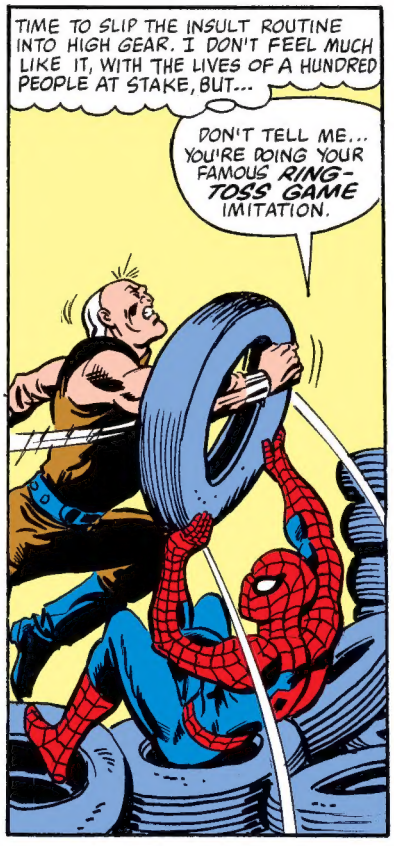
KEEP TALKIN', SONNY. IT'LL MAKE IT ALL THE MORE SATISFYIN' WHEN I RIP YA APART.


I COULD GET PAST HIM EASILY ENOUGH --BUT HE'D PROBABLY GET TO MICKEY'S BEFORE I COULD ADMINISTER THE ANTIDOTE.
NO, I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM-- PUT HIM OUT--AND FAST!
I FIGURE I'VE GOT ABOUT THREE MINUTES LEFT.


HOW DO YA LIKE THIS, PUNK?
NOT MUCH. GREEN'S NOT MY FAVORITE COLOR AND WITH THE SHAPE IT'S IN, YOU COULDN'T GET MORE THAN FOURTEEN BUCKS ON A TRADE-IN.


FRAASH
I'M GETTING TO HIM ... FINALLY! HE'S LOSING HIS COOL ... GETTING CARELESS! WITH LUCK, I CAN SET HIM UP FOR THE ONLY IDEA I'VE GOT!
HEY, RAMMY--YOU THROW JUST ABOUT AS WELL AS YOU HIT--

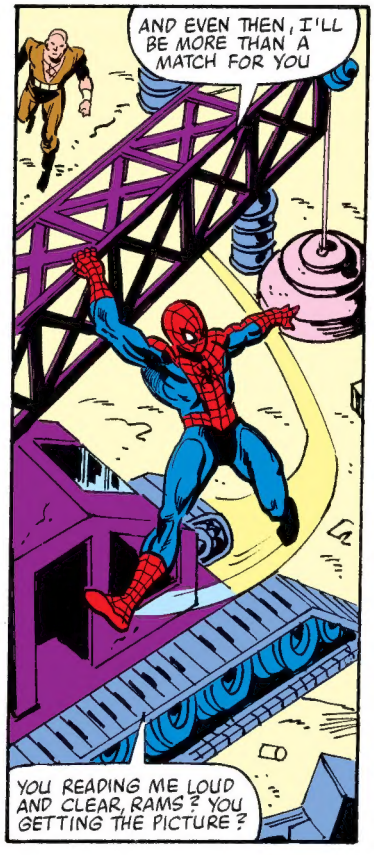

--LIKE A TURTLE WITH ARTHRITIS.
YA STINKIN' LITTLE--
AWWWW... DID I HURT YOUR FEELINGS? POOR BABY!

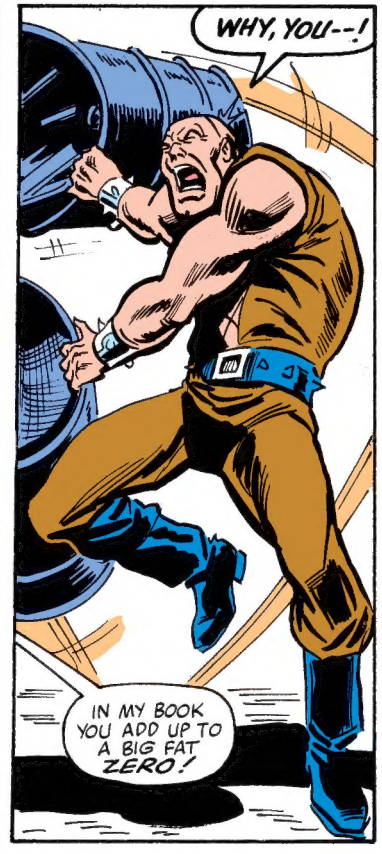

TIME TO SLIP THE INSULT ROUTINE INTO HIGH GEAR. I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE IT, WITH THE LIVES OF A HUNDRED PEOPLE AT STAKE, BUT...
DON'T TELL ME... YOU'RE DOING YOUR FAMOUS RING-TOSS GAME IMITATION.

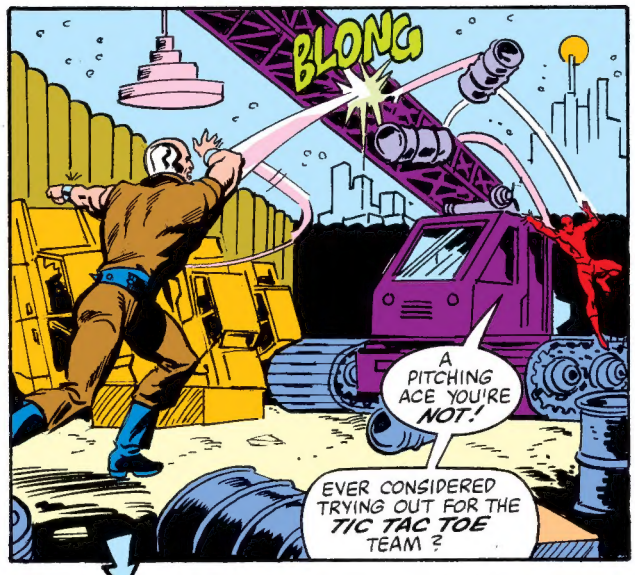
OR ARE YOU JUST FEELING TIRED?

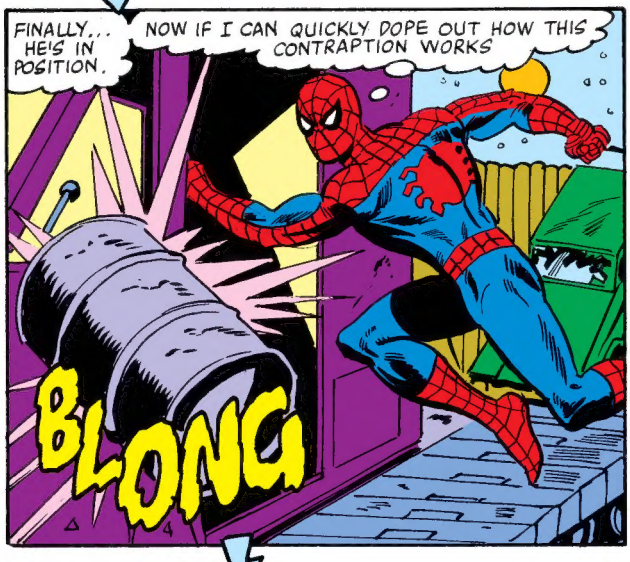
HAVE YOUR FUN NOW... 'CAUSE WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU...
YOU'LL DO WHAT, DUMMY--

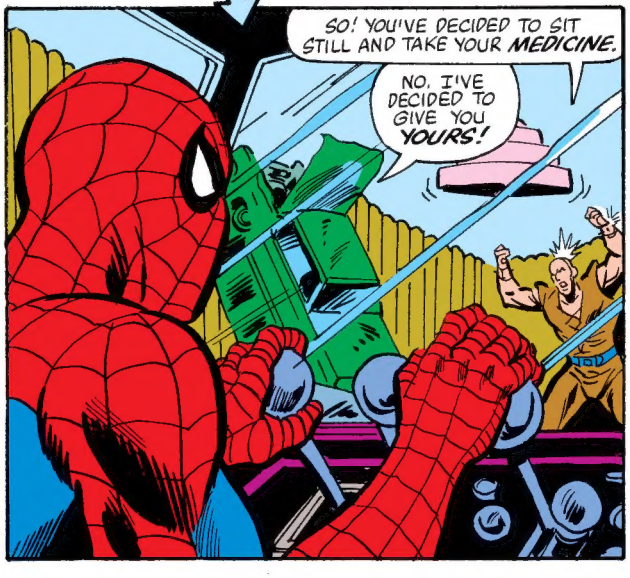
--SKIN MY KNEE?
LISTEN, THE DAY A BLUSTERING BULLY LIKE YOU SCARES ME, IS THE DAY I TRADE IN MY WEB-SHOOTERS FOR A ROCKING CHAIR.

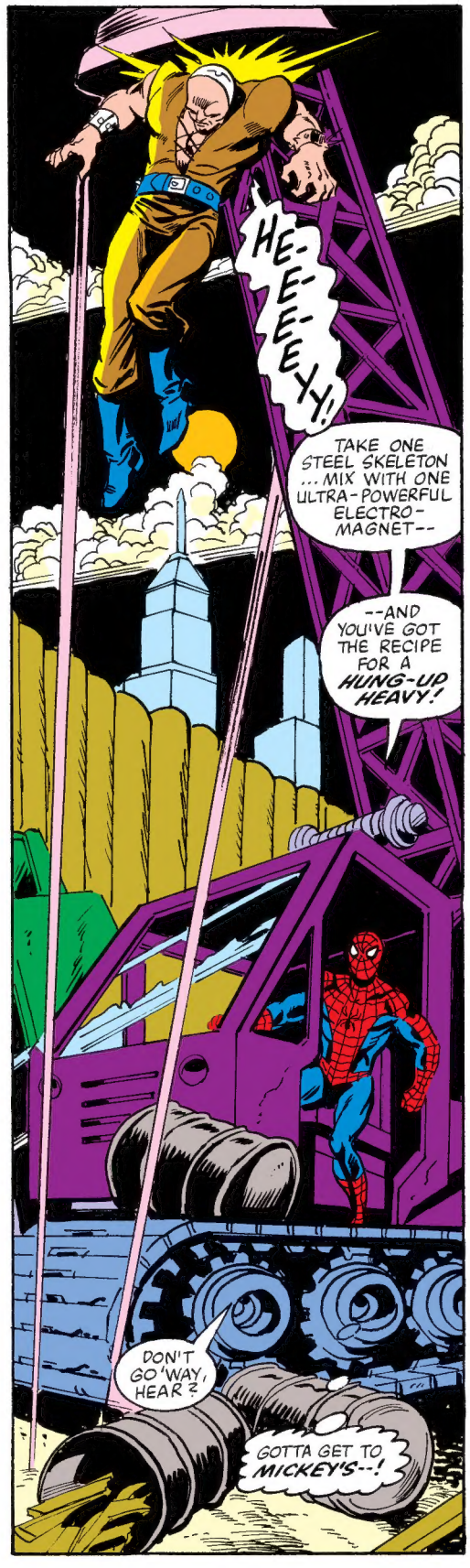

AND EVEN THEN, I'LL BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU
YOU READING ME LOUD AND CLEAR, RAMS? YOU GETTING THE PICTURE?

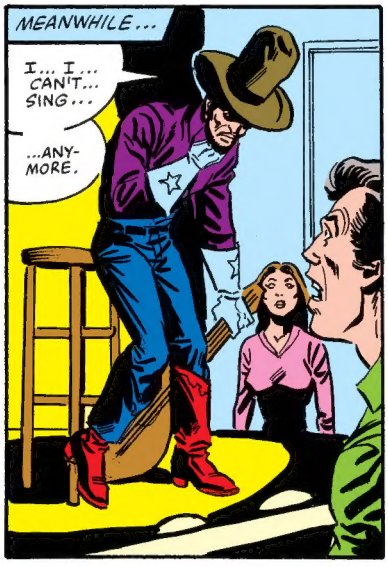

WHY, YOU--!
IN MY BOOK YOU ADD UP TO A BIG FAT ZERO!

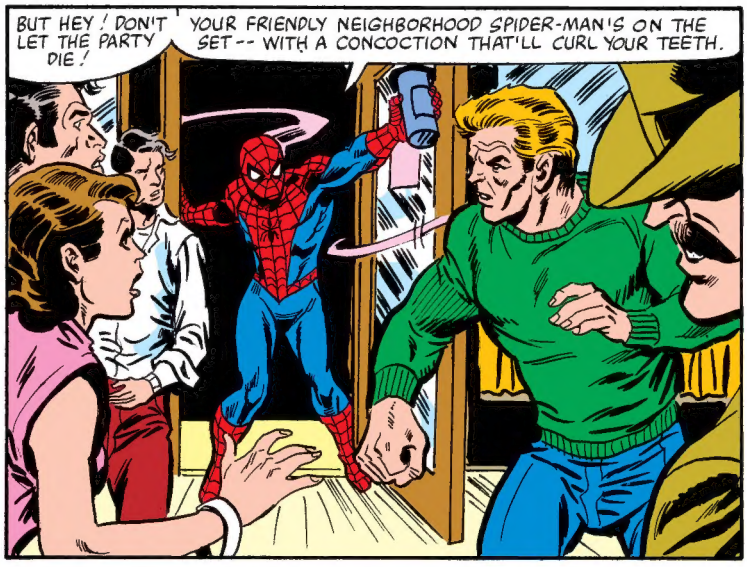

BLONG
A PITCHING ACE YOU'RE NOT!
EVER CONSIDERED TRYING OUT FOR THE TIC TAC TOE TEAM ?


FINALLY... HE'S IN POSITION.
NOW IF I CAN QUICKLY DOPE OUT HOW THIS CONTRAPTION WORKS
BLONG

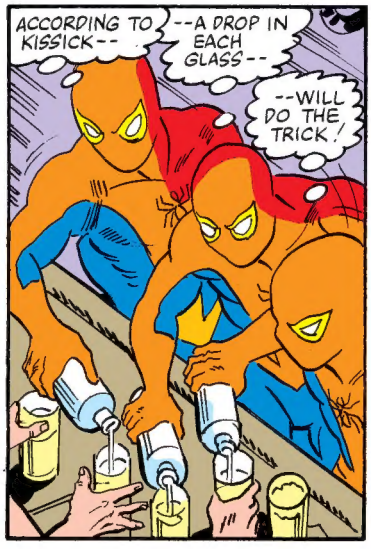

SO! YOU'VE DECIDED TO SIT STILL AND TAKE YOUR MEDICINE.
NO, I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU YOURS!

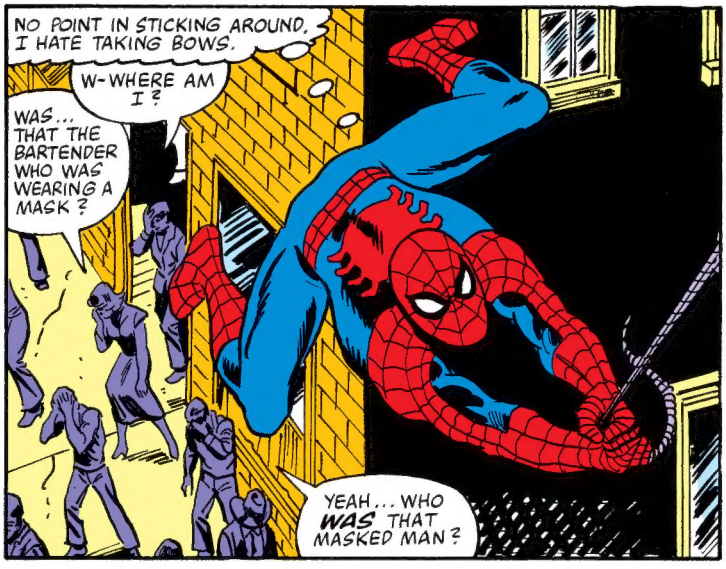

HE-E-E-EY!
TAKE ONE STEEL SKELETON ... MIX WITH ONE ULTRA-POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNET--
--AND YOU'VE GOT THE RECIPE FOR A HUNG-UP HEAVY!
DON'T GO 'WAY, HEAR ?
GOTTA GET TO MICKEY'S--!

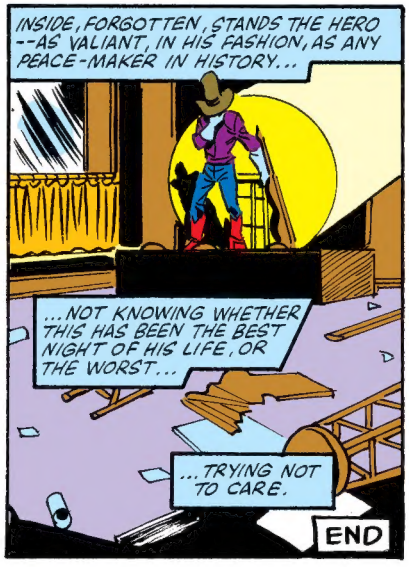




THOUGH THEIR MINDS ARE NUMBED, THE PATRONS DIMLY UNDERSTAND...







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